

MARBLE HILL AREA ANNEXED TO BRONX

Fuehrer Lyons, in Quick Foray,
Invades the 'Sudetenland' of
Harlem and Plants Flag

THEN DEPARTS HASTILY

Muttering Residents Are Taken
by Surprise and Tanks at
Border Are Unmanned

Unarmed and escorted only by his chauffeur, who drove General John J. Pershing during the World War, Borough President James J. Lyons of the Bronx invaded Marble Hill yesterday, clambered up a rocky promontory and firmly wedged there the flag of Bronx County and claimed the territory for the "Borough of Universities."

"Ne cede malis" was the inscription on the orange, blue and white flag unfurled against the threatening skies. But the fifty or so residents who gathered in the cold to watch this "bloodless coup" did not need this admonition.

And in the manner of outspoken citizens of a democracy, these men and women showed no compunction against showing their resentment against malis (misfortunes). One man, after hearing the Bronx Fuehrer proclaim territorial sovereignty, which was neither de jure nor de facto, brazenly thumbed his nose—a non-military salute with an international reputation. At this signal the other natives booed lustily the standard-bearer of Bronx Kultur.

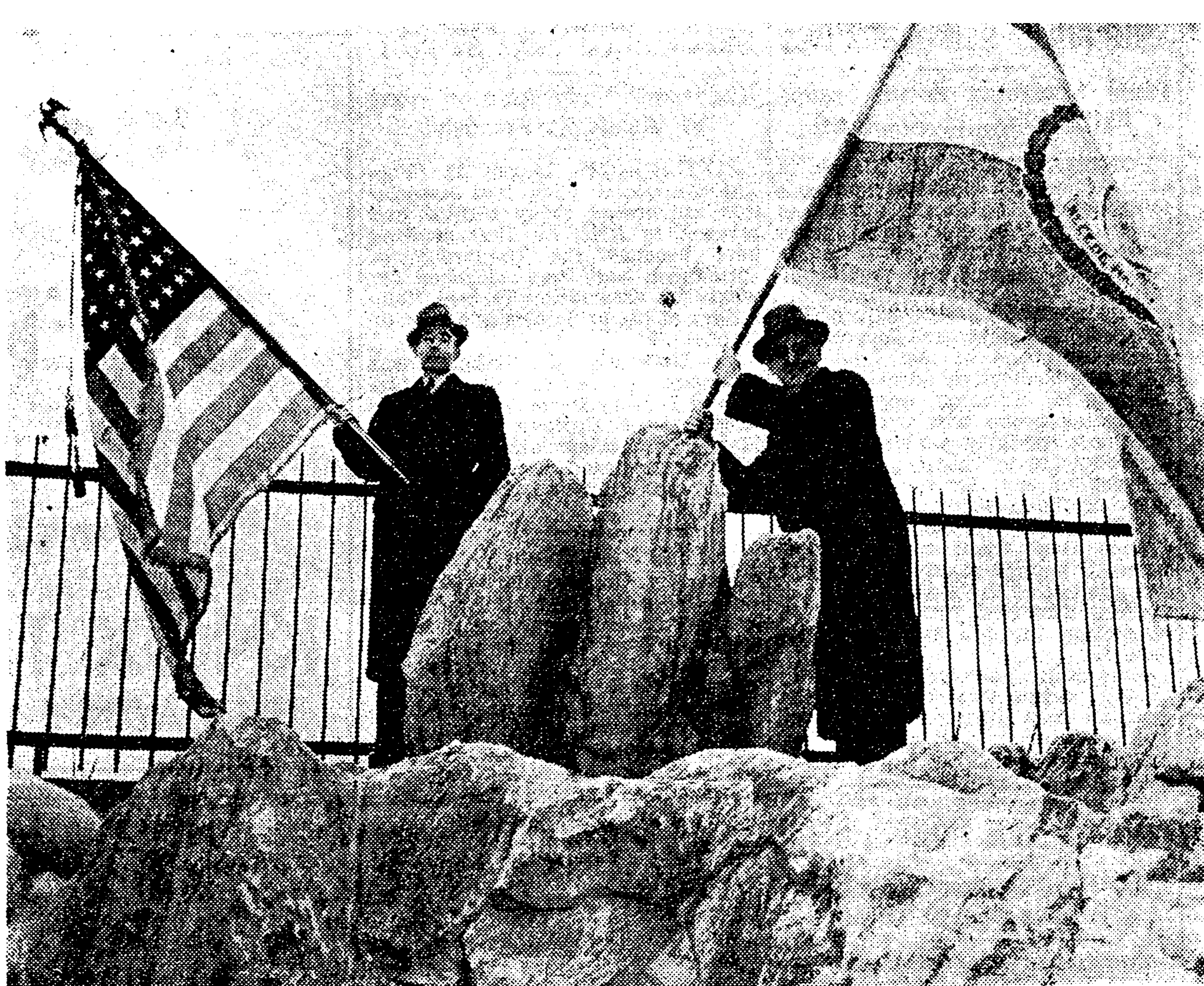
Shows No Trepidation

The expedition began at 11:35 A. M. when Mr. Lyons left his thickly carpeted office in the Bronx County Court House. If he felt any fear about invading a territory, the inhabitants of which voted for Dewey, the sole Democratic member of the Board of Estimate did not show it while he posed for a photographer.

At 11:41, Mr. Lyons stepped into a city limousine, drew the rug about him and the invasion was under way. No shades were drawn as the car proceeded south along the Concourse into 158th Street. At Walton Avenue, the driver, George P. Eller, turned north into 161st Street and then west to Sedgwick Avenue.

Sedgwick Avenue was selected at the suggestion of Mr. Lyons, who was aware that the Highbridge police station is along that route and that the area is comparatively uninhabited. At Bailey Avenue, which is still friendly territory, the car swung left into Kingsbridge Road as far as Broadway. Marble Hill was just a few blocks away.

At 11:55, after the invader had received the assurances of two residents of Marble Hill who were friendly to him, his car reached



Times Wide World

BRONX "FUEHRER" INVADES "SUDETENLAND" IN THE BRONX

Borough President James J. Lyons (right) and Joseph Fitzgerald, a member of his staff, planting the flags of the United States and the Bronx on the highest point of the Marble Hill section, which Mr. Lyons claims for his borough.

Kingsbridge Avenue and 230th Street. This was enemy territory and the aggressor took counsel with his chauffeur.

Slowly the vehicle ascended the narrow and hilly road known as Fort Charles Place. At Jacobus Place there was another stop, another conference, and it was decided to travel along Jacobus Place to West 225th Street. At this point the car came to a halt.

Mr. Lyons left the car and, gripping the American flag in his right hand and the Bronx banner in his left, he started for a rock pile that rises about ten feet above the sidewalk and overlooks the Harlem Ship Canal. From near-by houses the hostile residents came to meet him.

After arranging the flags to his own liking and satisfying the preliminary suggestions of photographers, the Bronx Fuehrer proclaimed:

"In the name of the Bronx, of which I am the President, I hereby proclaim this territory of Marble Hill to be part of my borough."

Not Approved by Natives

This was at 12:33. By 12:34 the Fuehrer learned that the natives did not like the Bronx nor its leader.

"Well," he explained, "they didn't

like Lincoln for freeing the slaves."

The Great Emancipator of the Bronx then decided to return. But at 230th Street and Kingsbridge Avenue a strange discovery was made. In an empty lot, about fifteen feet below the sidewalk level, were four army tanks. Strangely enough these tanks were at the very border line separating Bronx from Marble Hill. A photographer made a suggestion and soon Mr. Lyons was seated on one of the tanks. He made a feeble and unsuccessful attempt to operate it and gave up.

The tanks, it developed, had been placed there by some one who had purchased fourteen of them and has sold ten in South America for use as tractors. A less military man might have been daunted—not Mr. Lyons.